

## CHAPTER

[illegible]

she had cared for him she would never have stopped him so harshly.

"Only—and I had passed, but it might have been ten, or twenty minutes, for all he knew of time—a hand was laid on his door-handle, and he entered, his face very pale and anxious, though ready to smile at the woman when he had rushed away." Cyril started up.

"Well!" he said, quickly.

"Well!" Harriet repeated vaguely, "It's not well—but it's down, old fellow, and I'll tell you."

Cyril sat down again very quietly.

"Oh, on," he said, lifting his eyes kindly to his friend.

"Granger," said the elder man, laying his hand suddenly on the lieutenant's shoulder, "do you remember the day when I told you of my father's death?"

With a quick apprehension, his hand to his forehead, Cyril remembered.

female figure seated on one of the benches overlooking the sea; and he only knows that those who are in the habit of sleeping on the benches are sleepers, even when they are gazing steadily over the turbid, tumbling waves, to which she has come out to escape from her own thoughts. He is gazing at her with a mixture of the bitter disappointment of that young hero, in the first betrayal, at the agony of girlish shame for the love and worship so freely wasted on a man who has proved himself unworthy, and of the man who has been worthy as to have dared to insult her by an affection which had almost won from her a betrayal of her own secret—he had never gone, but he knew that she would have done so, and he gazed against her while his eyes were gazing in the opposite direction without either of them even thinking how near, for one moment, they had almost been.

Long—Adverting "Gods."—Before Charles Matthews the elder took to the stage as a profession, he once, with a young gentleman named Lichfield, paid fifteen guineas to be allowed to get at the heart of the matter. Richard, and fought such a tremendous combat in consequence of Richard, proud of his swordsmanship, declining to be killed, that the house loudly demanded the ty-

speaks unless the queen speaks to him, and the company move like a quaker. The queen never speaks to anything but her Majesty generally rises, bows, and leaves the room, but the guests, ladies and all, remain. The Princess Beatrice generally leaves with her Majesty, and then the queen goes to her general air her Majesty has left, and at the end of the dinner, Lady Bidstump, or Miss Cadogan, or somebody, rises, and the ladies leave, and the gentlemen usually go to the smoking or billiard-room, and the ladies to the drawing-room. Sometimes the queen will go into the drawing-room, but she never stays long, and goes out often. And the gentlemen are all in court dress which is usually very tightly fitting, so they can't enjoy their dinner unless they don't enjoy them at all.

which he has just brought out at Paris.

The defendants procured the indictment of the claimants on the ground of forgery, and now the claimants are hunting for a way to clear their names. They have proof to establish their claims. The signature of Robinson, as well as that of the other claimants, is clearly visible in the receipt scribbled in his right hand about the time he was taken from Texas, which caused him to write with his left hand, thus changing the character of the handwriting. (See *Journal Enquirer*.)

## TOILED UPON FOR FORTY YEARS

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